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SONGS,
DUETS, TRIOS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

C H E R O K E E.

K

AN OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

by James Cobb.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

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LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS, 1794.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRITISH.

Colonel Blandford,
Henry,
Officer,
Average,
Jack Average,
Ramble,
Serjeant Bluster,
Jeremy,

MR. KELLY.
MASTER WELSH.
MR. COOKE.
MR. HOLLINGSWORTH.
MR. J. BANNISTER.
MR. DIGNUM.
MR. BANNISTER.
MR. SUETT.

Zilipha,
Eleanor,
Fanny,
Winifred,

MRS. CROUCH.
SIGNORA STORACE.
MISS LEAKE.
MRS. BLAND.

INDIANS.

Malooko,
Zamorin,
Ontayo,
Patowmac,
Indian,
Partheca,

MR. BARRYMORE.
MR. C. KEMBLE.
MR. SEDGWICK.
MR. CAULFIELD.
MR. PHILLIMORE.
MRS. BRAMWELL.

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

A C T I.

SCENE. The Borders of a Lake in America.—A Battle between the Indians and the English—the latter are victorious.

TRIO. BLANDFORD, BLUSTER AND RAMBLE.

NOW victory's smiles bid us banish all care,
We shall triumph again in the smiles of the fair;
The song and the bumper our joys shall increase,
And our laurels shall bloom with the olive of peace.

SONG. RAMBLE.

Our country is our ship d'ye see,
A gallant vessel too;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew.
Each man, whate'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

B 2

Among

II.

Among ourselves in peace 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout ;
And having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out ;
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we soon are friends ;
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

SCENE. A Road in a Village.

SONG. JEREMY,

OH, what a fight it was to see,
Oh, what a din, what a glorious rattle !
And I so snug, perch'd up in a tree,
Had a bird's-eye view of the battle.
Ambition is a hero's boast,
Therefore I chose so high a post.
To be calm and cool
In the midst of a fray,
Is a hero's rule,
Then tell me pray,

Where

Where could I be,
So cool as in a tree?
And near to the top,
I was safe from a pop.

Oh, what a fight it was to see;

Oh, what a din, what a glorious rattle!
Ever give me a post in a tree,
With a bird's-eye view of a battle.

There where Chicksaws and Cherokees,
And Mohawks and Miamis,
And Schenectaws and Catabaws,
All with their sachems and their squaws!

Oh! what a fight it was to see,

Oh! what a din, what a glorious rattle!
Ever give me a post in a tree,
With a bird's-eye view of a battle.

SCENE. A Dell surrounded by Mountains.—Malooko stands with his Arm lifted to Heaven, surrounded by his Cherokee Indians. — A Storm of Thunder and Lightning.

QUARTETTO. MALOOKO, ONTAYO, HENRY
and ZILIPHA.

HENRY. OH! set me free!

ZILIPHA. Those accents dear!—

HENRY. A parent's well known voice I hear.

ZILIPHA. Tremble, tyrant, at my frown,
A mother's curse shall sink thee down.

MA-

MALOOKO. Disdainful fair, 'tis thine to fear,
Remember I am sovereign here.

ONTAYO. Seek his resentment to assuage,
Or tremble at Malooko's rage.

MALOOKO. Haste—bring him forth—release the boy.
'Tis mine to save, or to destroy.

ZILIPHA. Hark! give me way!—I come, my son,
No peril will thy mother shun.—

MALOOKO. This dagger mocks thy ravings wild.

ZILIPHA. Oh! save him—save him!—Spare my
child.

MALOOKO. With bitter pangs thy scorn I feel;
That scorn directs the fatal steel.

ZILIPHA. } Oh! if compassion thou canst feel:

HENRY. } Behold distress in supplicance kneel.

ONTAYO. This captive boy, whom fortune gave,
Both love and policy wou'd save.

MALOOKO. He lives—your prayer his life ensures,
'Tis dear to me for he is your's.

ZILIPHA. } Such are the gifts that heroes give,

HENRY. } Mercy, the truly brave regard.

ONTAYO. } In faithful memory long shall live,
The deed Heav'n can alone reward.

MALOOKO. In thy remembrance long may live,
The deed thou can'st alone reward.

ONTAYO. Yes! let the boy in safety live,
The prudent deed shall love reward.

SONG.

SONG. ELEANOR.

IN love-sick Spain—in Italy's dear nation ;
Musical lovers harmonize their passion.
Crotchets and flames they mingle in each bar ;
With the ting, ting, ting, of their guittar.

II.

In serenades, tho' frost and snow assail 'em,
Burning with love, there can be nothing ail 'em.
In darkest nights they need no moon nor star ;
Still ting, ting, ting, resounds the sweet guittar.

III.

Not so in England—Love no artifice screening,
The British youth, in prose, declares his meaning :
To whisker'd Dons and soft Signors afar,
Leaving the ting, ting, ting, of the guittar.

SCENE. A Room in Average's House.

DIALOGUE DUETT. JACK AVERAGE and
ELEANOR.

ELEANOR. Like paint first us'd is Hymen's
vile connection,
Seeming to aid, it spoils the mind's
complexion ;
For dimpled joys attend your call
no more :
Wrinkles succeed where dimples
smil'd before.

JACK

JACK AVERAGE. Wedlock's a fatal stock for speculation;

High when you buy is rais'd your expectation :

The sinking fund of joy it is no doubt;

And if you once buy in, you can't sell out.

ELEANOR. My heart beats with pleasure when bidding adieu !

JACK AVERAGE. The journey of wedlock, who will may pursue.

ELEANOR. To all marriage squabbles—

JACK AVERAGE. And consequent hobbles.

BOTH. My heart beats with pleasure while bidding adieu.

ELEANOR. Perhaps you'll repent it ?

JACK AVERAGE. Repent it, Oh ! never—

ELEANOR. A bargain !

JACK AVERAGE. A bargain !

BOTH. Adieu then for ever.

JACK AVERAGE. My heart beats with pleasure while bidding adieu.

ELEANOR. As witness this locker—

JACK AVERAGE. Your ring's in my pocket.

ELEANOR. Here take it.

JACK AVERAGE. Here take it !

BOTH.

BOTH. . . . This vow—Ill ne'er break it.
The bargain now void, I my joy
may reveal.

JACK AVERAGE. A bargain!

ELEANOR. A bargain.

BOTH. Adieu then for ever.
Releas'd from my promise how
happy I feel.

SONG. ELEANOR.

SWEET sympathy's pleasures most lovely appear,
Where the heart beats impatient to succour distress;
And in pity's soft brilliance shall play on the tear,
The warmth of that heart which the wretched
wou'd bless.

On the rainbow the sun thus dispersing his pow'r,
His mild glories he paints on the soft genial show'r.
Sweet sympathy's, &c. &c.

SCENE. A Plain, in the midst of which is a large Oak.
Under the Oak, Seats are erected for the Indian Chiefs.

FINALE.

CHORUS. BLANDFORD, HENRY, ELEANOR
and INDIANS.

NOW friendship's arm rejects the shield;
Of war to form th' eternal grave,
Peace here shall hail her trophied field,
And golden grain exulting wave.

C

TRIO.

TRIO. BLANDFORD, HENRY and ELEANOR.

IN praise of peace, its martial tone,
The trumpet shall employ ;
The happy sound shall echo own,
And swell the chord of joy.

CHORUS.

With arrows quiver'd, bow unstrung,
The warrior quits the hostile plain.
Loud be the praise of concord sung :
The mystic calumet shall reign.

SONG and CHORUS. ONTAYO and INDIANS.

POWER unknown, who in the storm,
Shroudest on high thy awful form ;
For vengeance, vengeance we implore—
Give us revenge—we ask no more.
Give us to emulate thy force ;
As fierce as rapid in our course.
Swift as thy whirlwind may we fly :
And like the arrows of the sky,
Oh ! wing our every shaft with fate !
Let terror on our cries await ;
And grant, that like thy thunder's sound,
Our war-whoop may the foe confound.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE. Zilipha's Cottage.

AIR. ZILIPHA.

AH! what avails the busy care,
That fondly decks this fav'rite grot;
If hopeless passion doom'd to bear,
The faithful Harriet is forgot.
Oh! no, my heart, so true to love,
Shall confidence acquire;
Come, smiling Hope, and let me prove
The joys thou can'st inspire.
Tho' Wisdom visionary deems,
Thy airy dear delights,
Yet rather give me pleasing dreams,
Than anxious sleepless nights.
Oh! no, &c.

DUET. ZILIPHA and ELEANOR.

ZILIPHA. And does a fond emotion,
Your youthful bosom know?

ELEANOR. Alas! with Love's devotion,
Does that fond bosom glow?

ZILIPHA. When absent from your lover—

ELEANOR. You all my heart discover.

BOTH. Love's pains I know too well.
The fatal hour of parting,
What words it's pang can tell!
The tear of memory starting,
Repeats the last farewell.

ZILIPHA. What joy my Henry meeting,
When first he views this grove.

ELEANOR. His eyes enraptur'd greeting,
The work of faithful love.

ZILIPHA. Yet scenes of grief reviving,
From them new joys deriving.

BOTH. To sorrow then farewell.

What words $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{our} \\ \text{your} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ blifs can tell,
The tear of joy oft' starting.

No more $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{we} \\ \text{you} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ bid farewell.

SCENE. A Village.

SONG. BLANDFORD.

A secret pow'r impelling,
Tho' reason bids me stay;
Yet fancy joy foretelling,
The impulse I obey.
The flatt'ring ardent hope of love
I dare not entertain.
Ah! should this wish'd-for meeting prove
Each fond idea vain.
A secret pow'r, &c.

SONG.

SONG. JACK AVERAGE.

Glory firing,

Fame inspiring,

Rousing each grand sensation.

I was born for a fate

So high and so great

It exceeds all calculation.

Huzza! for a fate

So high and so great

That exceeds all calculation.

Then if to England I should go

On weighty affairs of my nation,

There shall I be the first rate show,

And for nine days lead the fashion.

Bond-street flaunting,

Hats and caps enchanting

A-la-mode de l'Iroquois.

With tomahawks in rings,

And hatchets hung to strings;

Every belle will seem a squaw.

Then to the play,

Perchance I stray,

And in the stage-box vapour—

Spying Eleanor sit,

Crammed up in the pit,

Snug with her city draper.

My

My strange attire,
While all admire,
And purblind beaux surround me ;
“ La ! ’tis my belief,
“ ’Tis the Indian Chief—
Buz the beauteous girls around me ;
I bow—the house applaud—oppress’d,
Yet pleas’d with their approbation,
My grateful heart, beats in my breast,
Success to the British nation.
Glory firing, &c.

SCENE. Zilipha’s Cottage.

SONG. WINIFRED.

A shepherd once had lost his love,
Fal, la, &c.
And as he sought her in the grove,
Where she slept as he did stray,
A little bird sung from a spray,
Fal, la, &c.

II.

In vain this bird did strain her throat,
Fal, la, &c.
In vain she varied oft her note ;
The foolish shepherd wandered on,
The fair one rose, and soon was gone.
Fal, la, &c.

III. At

III.

At last the bird did to him say,

Fal, lal, &c.

If you will not, when you may,

When you will, you shall have nay.

The little bird then flew away.

Fal, lal, &c.

DUET. BLANDFORD and ZILIPHA.

ZILIPHA. Then, no more my dearest blessing,
Let pale doubt our hopes annoy ;
For constancy each fear repressing,
Twines for us her wreath of joy.

BLANDFORD. Love still has been our guide
To bliss, thro' Hymen's fane,
Oh ! may no ill betide ;
Nor may we part again.

BOTH. Misfortune befriending,
This moment of delight ;
On contrast depending,
Each pleasure shines more bright.
Our past adventures viewing,
They fearful visions seem ;
Kind fortune hope renewing,
We wake from sorrow's dream.

SCENE.

SCENE. A Room in Average's House.

SONG. ELEANOR.

Pretty miss, mama's spoilt daughter,
When she goes to dancing school,
Early has this lesson taught her;
" Lordly man—you're born to rule."

And this prophecy so pleasing,
Every day we see fulfil.
Sometimes coaxing! sometimes teizing!
We just do with him what we will.

" Child"—once gravely said my mother,
" Wedlock is a serious thing!"
" La!" says I—" don't make a pother,
" When I'm married, I'll dance and sing.

" Yes, dear Mama, your little daughter,
" Tho' not come from dancing school,
" Already has this lesson taught her,
" Lordly man, she's born to rule.

" To you I nothing have to say for it,
" I must obey your orders still;
" But I'll make my husband pay for it,
" And have my own way—that I will."

Pretty miss, &c.

DUET.

DUET. JEREMY and FANNY.

JEREMY. Fair one, those eyes command me :
Say, won't you understand me ?
Smile not—you know it well.

Must I my meaning tell ?

FANNY. Hark ! there's your master waiting.

JEREMY. Must I my meaning tell ?

FANNY. Why should my eyes command you ?

Ought I to understand you ?

Ought I to hear you ?—No—

My cheeks with blushes glow.

JEREMY. Bless us ! that plaguy bell.

FANNY. Be quick—there's your master waiting.—

JEREMY. Lo—at your feet prostrating,

My humble faithful heart.

FANNY. Well, well—there, again.

JEREMY. Curse the bell !—Hither he'll come I fear !

So—go I must—I hear.

FANNY. And won't you then hear ?

JEREMY. Yes, yes, pull away.

Lovely creature—aye—I hear,

Dearest charmer, I don't fear ;

Here I'll stay—pull away.

FANNY. Why don't you answer your master's bell ?

JEREMY. Fair one, those eyes command me.

FANNY. Why should my eyes command you, &c.

D SONG.

SONG. FANNY.

A sailor lov'd a lass,
And she was true and kind :
But, Ah ! it came to pass,
He must go and leave her behind.
Ever to be true hearted,
A thousand times they swore :
And they wept, and kissed, and parted ;
As many had done before.

II.

Her prayers for her dearest jewel,
The winds and waves might move :
If the winds and the waves, so cruel,
Cared aught for maids in love.
But the raging tempests bellow,
His knell in hideous roar ;
They buried an honest fellow,
Where many had been before.

III.

Ah ! poor unhappy maiden,
She yielded to despair :
Nothing her grief persuading ;
She raved—she tore her hair.
At length worn out with sorrow,
Unable to bear her pain,
She weds another to-morrow ;
As many will do again.

SCENE.

SCENE. The Grounds belonging to Average's House.

FINALE.

ELEANOR, BLANDFORD, ZILIPHA, ONTAYO, WINIFRED, JEREMY, RAMBLE, FANNY, PARTHECA, OFFICER and BLUSTER.

ELEANOR. Cool evening's breeze inviting,
In whispers sighs around.

BLANDFORD. To lovers how inviting
The sympathetic sound.

ZILIPHA. The air with fragrance teeming,
Love's accents shall convey.

ONTAYO. The moon her radiance beaming,
Directs us to our prey.

ELEANOR, ZILIPHA, BLANDFORD, ONTAYO.

No more her fate bewailing,
The bird of night complains.
O'er nature now prevailing,
An awful silence reigns.

WINIFRED. From the forest the Indians are coming upon us,
Defence will not do us much good.

JEREMY. Oh! bless us! our folly too sure has
undone us,
By living next door to a wood.

JEREMY

JEREMY. } My heart is in such a sad flutter :
WINIFRED. } Not a single word more can I utter.

RAMBLE and FANNY.

Fatal news !—our fears confound us !

No assistance can we gain ;

Indian warriors quite surround us :

All resistance is in vain.

MEN. Fatal error !

WOMEN. Night of terror !

RAMBLE and FANNY.

Soon you'll hear the warriors near.

MEN. Try resistance !

WOMEN. Seek assistance !

RAMBLE and FANNY.

All resistance must be vain.

MEN. We'll not yield us.

WOMEN. Heav'n will shield us.

RAMBLE and FANNY.

Listen, softly, soon you'll hear,

The warriors yell bespeak them near.

ALL. Listen softly !

MEN. We'll defend ye !

WOMEN. Heav'n befriend ye.

RAMBLE

RAMBLE and FANNY.

All resistance must be vain.

ALL. In dread suspense we trembling wait,
The eventful crisis of our fate.

MALOOKO and ONTAYO.

Attend ! Are ye ready to rush on your prey ?

INDIANS.

Yield or die ! Ye are caught in the snare—
Provoke not your fate—of resistance beware !

WOMEN.

Ah ! fatal error !
Thus to be betray'd ;
When night's gloomy terror
Involves us in it's shade.

MALOOKO.

Vengeance loudly claims her due,
The victims offer to my view.

BLANDFORD.

The dreadful sentence I await ;
Complaint I scorn—I dare my fate.

WOMEN.

WOMEN.

Ah ! fatal error ! &c.

MALOOKO.

Revenge ! I feel thy glowing joy :
Yet, there's a victim lags behind :
Where does he stay ?—the captive boy.—

WINIFRED.

Look, you—that boy you'll never find.
Oh ! may no harm his life befall !
He shall one day avenge us all.

BLANDFORD and ZILIPHA.

A ray of comfort gilds our gloom,
The boy escapes his parents doom.

INDIANS.

Night forbids a longer stay—
The hour is come, we must away.

WOMEN.

Brave warriors hear—for honour's sake,
Our helpless plaint !—Oh ! pity take.

INDIANS.

INDIANS.

No !—Night forbids a longer stay—
The hour is come, we must away.

CHORUS.

The bolt which Heav'n in wrath employs
The hapless hunter thus destroys :
Scarcely he feels the sudden pang,
And with the fatal flash expires ;
While the loud bursting thunder's clang,
Proclaims the triumph of it's fires.

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

The Scene which ends Act II. continues.

SONG. BLUSTER.

SEE! the enemy advancing !
Hark ! the signal to engage.
While the charger proudly prancing,
Seems our victory to presage.
The cannon's cheering thunder
Inspires us with delight.
And even cowards wonder
They're not afraid to fight.
The front line now is shattered,
There press the fainting foe.
The left wing too is scattered,
Victoria ! Victoria !
Pursue—pursue the blow.
Tho' ruthless slaughter staining
With blood th'affrighted field,
The enemy disdaining,
All fear—still scorn to yield.

See !

See! inspired with indignation,
Now they rally quick again.

Yet, tho' urg'd by desperation,
All their efforts are in vain.

But now we rout their van, boys,
Give quarter where you can, boys.

Huzza! our arms victorious,

Compleat their overthrow.

Success is doubly glorious

Against so brave a foe.

Hark! their drums reluctant beating,

Give the signal for retreating;

While our trumpet's welcome greeting,

Triumph sounds in sprightly tone.

Victoria!—the day's our own!

SCENE. A Room in Average's House.

SONG. ELEANOR.

DEAREST youth! too long diffembling

From your view my ardent flame;

I feel, while at my folly trembling,

How much, alas! I've been to blame!

Yet, surely, did you read my eyes,

You soon must there the truth surprize.

Hark! I hear him! 'tis my love,

Oh! may my voice attention move.

E

He's

He's gone, alas! for ever!
My vows are lost in air.
From every joy I sever,
My lot must be despair!

DUET. ELEANOR and JACK AVERAGE.

IN former times the silent bride,
With bridegroom all in state,
To Hymen's altar gravely march'd
So stupidly sedate;
And stammering, blushing, struck with awe,
While neither dar'd look up or speak.
A wedding ceremony was
A mere ballet tragique.

II.

But now adieu to pomp, we're past
The ages of romance,
And modern wedlock is become
A kind of country dance,
Where man and wife take hands—then part,
And every nuptial care dispel,
While Hymen gaily fiddles
Vive la bagatelle.

SONG.

SONG. HENRY.

The call of honour I obey :
A father's life by me restor'd,
To fame shall lead the way.—
Hark I hear my bright reward,
He leads me to the hostile shore,
I hear the din of battle roar.
Loud the warlike trumpets blow !
While shouts around,
To Heaven, resound ;
And every soldier deals a wound,
Fatal to our foe.
A father's life, &c.

SCENE. The Inside of Malooko's Cave.

SONG. BLANDFORD.

False Hope dissembling, cheat me no more,
Strike lingering Destiny, strike I implore ;
At once compleat my woe,
Display thy ills in store,
And quickly strike the blow.
Then welcome Phrenzy with thy venom'd breath,
Before it fades expiring Reason's light ;
My eye balls flash, the gleam of Death.
Again ! now all is lost in night.

SONG.

SONG. ONTARIO.

Soon as friendly Night beneath
Her veil conceals the earth and sea,
Binding with her poppy wreath,
The sun-burnt brow of Industry :
Then like a murky fullen cloud,
Fraught with Heaven's destroying fire ;
Hovering o'er the giddy croud,
The destin'd victims of our ire ;

Silent will we watch the hour,
When Revelry assumes her pow'r ;
When the poison of the grape,
Works the maddening spirits up,
'Till Folly in her every shape,
Rises in the enchanted cup,

Then warriors at your post be found,
In whispers pass the watch-word round—
“ Avenge our nation's cause.”

SCENE. A Street in the Village.

SESTETTO. ELEANOR, JACK AVERAGE, RAMBLE,
HENRY, FANNY and OFFICER.

ELEANOR. Storms and various perils braving,
The bark now safely makes the shore ;
JACK Av. From despair her owner saving ;
He thus his treasure must adore.

FANNY

FANNY, From wedlock's haven yet so far,
What will become of me ?

RAMBLE. Trust to a downright honest tar,
And your pilot let me be.

RAMBLE. } And your pilot let me be,

FANNY. } And my pilot you shall be.

HENRY. My brave father his soldiers commands,
My happiness now I regain.

OFFICER, Surrounding Malooko his bands,
Success must their valour attain.

HENRY. } Success must their valour attain.
OFFICER. }

JACK AV. } Into port when safely steering,
RAMBLE. }
OFFICER. }

ELEANOR } Into port when safely steering,
FANNY. }
HENRY. }

JACK AV. } Thus each tar his brother cheering,
RAMBLE. }
OFFICER. }

ELEANOR } Thus each tar his brother cheering,
FANNY. }
HENRY. }

JACK AV. } Nearer still to shore advancing.
RAMBLE. }
OFFICER. }

ELEANOR } Nearer still to shore advancing.
FANNY. }
HENRY. }

JACK

JACK AV. }
RAMBLE. } Danger thought of now no more.
OFFICER. }

ELEANOR }
FANNY. } Danger thought of now no more.
HENRY. }

ALL. On the deck so merrily dancing,
Now we hail our friends on shore.

SCENE. The Entrance of Malooko's Cave.

FINALE.

ELEANOR, FANNY, RAMBLE, ZILIPHA, BLAND-
FORD, HENRY, WINIFRED, PARTHECA, JACK
AVERAGE, JEREMY, BLUSTER and OFFICER.

ELEANOR. Let mirth assume th' inspiring strain,
Of Love and Truth the triumph sing;
'Till thro' love's universal reign,
The heartfelt chorus spring.

CHORUS.

Let mirth assume, &c.

FANNY. } Within the forest's deep recess,
RAMBLE. } Or where the busy crouds resort;
The general cause will all confess;
The cottage and the court.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Let mirth assume, &c.

ZILIPHA. } Free'd from the cavern's dreary gloom,
BLAND. } Let us each moment now improve;
See life with every blessing bloom;
Oh! may it be a life of love.

ELEANOR, FANNY, HENRY, WINIFRED, PAR-
THECA, ZILIPHA, BLANDFORD, JACK AVERAGE,
RAMBLE, JEREMY, BLUSTER, OFFICER and
ONTAYO.

Let mirth assume, &c.

HENRY. Blest hour—a long lost parent lives—
My drooping heart to cheer;
His fame my great example gives
In glory's bright career.

FANNY, WINIFRED, BLUSTER, ONTAYO, OFFICER,
RAMBLE and JEREMY.

Oh! happy day, when fortune kind,
Deigns virtue to regard;
And to desert no longer blind,
On honour show's reward.

JACK AV. Your locket in loves ledger fair,
Unto your credit will I post.

ELEAN. And till a wedding ring I wear,
This pledge of love shall be my boast.

ZILIPHA,

ZILIPHA, WINIFRED, PARTHECA, RAMBLE, JE-
REMY, BLANDFORD, JACK AVERAGE, ONTAYO,
BLUSTER, OFFICER.

Within the forest's deep recess,
Or where the busy crouds resort ;
The general cause will all confess,
The cottage and the court.

CHORUS.

Let mirth assume, &c.

Oh! happy day, when fortune kind,
Deigns virtue to regard ;
And to desert no longer blind,
On honour, show'rs reward,

THE END.